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SUMMER RESORTS.

NEW JERSEY.

ATLANTIC CITY. Special Rates for September, HOTEL BORTON,

au26-26t-4 Atlantic City, N. J. E. B. VOORHEES.

Cut rates for front rooms at THE RITTENHOUSE

Can be obtained now, but no cut will be made to the high standard of the table and appointments Every room a front room and the house in full view Every room a front room and the house in full view of the ocean. (au24-10t-8) H. G. HALLINGER. HOTEL ELBERON — TENNESSEE AVE., NEAR Beach. Opposite Catholic Church; best location; new metal beds; excellent table; capacity, 250. \$8 to \$15 a week; special September rates. 1y24-52t-5 R. B. LUDY, M.D.

jy24-52t-5

R. B. LUDY, M.D.

THE SAN MARCOS, NEAR BEACH, PACIFIC and Massachusetts aves.—High-class family hotel; capacity, 800; will make special rates for large, cool, ocean-view rooms and unsurpassed cuisine; \$8, \$10 weekly; \$1.50 up daily; elevator, baths and every modern convenience. Booklet mailed. (my23-88t-7)

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Berkshire Inn, Virginia avenue and Beach. Special for latter part August, September, \$8 to \$15 weekly, \$2 to \$3 daily. Elevator; free hot and cold baths; unobstructed view; capacity, 300. Table and service the finest. Booklet.

au21-26t,7

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100 ocean-front rooms, many with private bath.
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a modern, first-class hotel. Special weekly rates,
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rates. Illustrated booklet. Coach with porter
meets all Penna. trains.
my16-104t, 10

ALFRED WYMAN.

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STENTON, Central to all attractions.

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SUMMER RESORTS.

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Ocean end Maryland ave.; convenient to piers an all amusements; \$2 per day and up; \$10 week and up. (au7-28t,5) SAMUEL ELLIS.

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Open all the year. Hot and cold sea water
baths. 350 of the largest and most handsomely
furnished front rooms in the city, 100 rooms with
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and \$15 per week, \$2.56 by the day up. European
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Write for booklet. CHARLES E. COPE.
ap16-116t-13

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THE ORIOLE.

2120 Pacific ave. Terms, \$1.25 to \$1.50 per day; \$7 to \$8 per week. Mrs. O. T. BUZBY of Balto., Prop. je30-520-4

THE MOST ATTRACTIVE AND POPULAR HOTEL for Washingtonians. HOTEL BARTON. Ocean end Tennessee ave. Moderate prices. Write for booklet. E. B. VOORHEES. au3-26t-4

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New Hotel. Just opened. Situation unsurpassed.

Excellent boating, bathing, fishing. Sailing free.

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OPENS JUNE 18.

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FOR INVALIDS AND CONVALESCENTS.
Open all the year. Baths, electricity, sun parlor, covered verandas, hot-water heat, open fires. Pure spring water piped through the buildings. Its convenience to Washington especially recommends it. Send for illustrated booklet. Address 196-tf-10 G. H. WRIGHT, M.D., Forest Glen, Md.

OCEAN CITY.

THE COLONIAL, Ocean City, Md., Direct on Ocean Front

Superior Table, Bathhouses. All Conveniences. au8-26t BOOKLET.

THE BREAKERS,

Directly on the beach, Ocean City, Md. Bath houses connected with house.

jel-78t°-5 Miss M. E. NEWTON, of 1309 17th st.

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oms are invariably reserved as agreed. Prices September that defy competition. Fireproof; ing water in every room; elevator.

BRADFORD COTTAGE, REHOBOTH BEACH, Del.—Ocean front; room and board from \$5 to \$5 per week. Capt. THOMAS E. LYNCH, Propri-etor. au19-w.f.m-136 Hotel Stickney, Removed to New York ave. and Beach.
Large lawn; \$2 to \$8 per day; \$10 to \$15 per week.
Special low rate during September.

\$10-781-5 M. BELL, L. V. STICKNEY.

NEW YORK.

SUMMER RESORTS.

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MORLEY'S.

On the Ocean front and connected with the Boardwalk. New and modern. Capacity, 350. Every room has full ocean view. Elevator; private baths; extensive porches. Excellence in table and service. Special terms for September. Write for booklet. (au3-26t,8) STEHLE BROS. In the heart of the Adirondacks. Two large Hotels and Cottages; 2,000 ft. above the sea; overlooking two of the most beautiful lakes in the region. Excellent trout fishing, GOLF, tennis, bowling, boating, bathing, finest deer, grouse and woodcock, hunting, music; sanitary plumbing; no pulmonary invalids. Moderate rates; reduction in June and September. Send for our artistic Catalogue. MORLEY'S, on Lake Pleasant, Hamilton Co., New York.

PENNSYLVANIA.

## Buena Vista Springs Hotel,

Open June 18. High, Dry. No Malaria, No Mo BILLIARDS, TENPINS, LAWN TENNIS, GOLF LINKS

Boating, Bathing, Fishing, For ideal Summer Best and Recreation. The table will constitute one of its principal at-For terms, booklets, etc., address W. M. REAMER, Manager

Buena Vista Springs P. O., Franklin Co., Pa. VIRGINIA.

## The Alleghany Goshen, Va.

An attractive, well-conducted family hotel, with modern appointments, 1,800 feet above sea level, in the Virginia mountains,

Six hours from Washington by the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway.

Moderate rates, beautiful scenery, good drives and fine climate. Short ride from Rockbridge Alum Springs by steam railway and convenient to the leading mineral springs resorts of the Virginias. Dining car train leaves Washington 3:00 P.M. and arrives Goshen 8:48 P.M. daily. For pamphlets and full information apply at & O. ticket offices or address Manager, Hotel lleghany, Goshen, Rockbridge Co., Va. je23-tf-28

NORTH HILL, 60 MILES FROM WASH., VIA Bluemont; mt., valley and water scenery; blcycling, draves, shaded grounds; spring beds; no children taken; fishing, boating, swimming; 2 daily mails; first-class fare; fresh meats, fowls, milk, fruits, \$7 per week. Open till Nov. Procure circular. MAURICE CASTLEMAN, Oastleman's Ferry, Clarke Co., Va. je4-78t, 8 LUEMONT HOUSE IS STILL OPEN FOR SUMmer guests; large, cool rooms, shady lawn, porches, excellent table, fine water, plano; special rates for September. Address Mrs. ROSE GIBSON, Bluemont, Va. au25-3t\*

#### WEST VIRGINIA

McDOWELL HOUSE.
Under white management; beautiful scenery; of the Shenandosh; cool rooms; rates reasonable.
S. D. GROSSART, Prop., Harper's Ferry, W.Va., 1y31-26t-4

THE LOCKWOOD AND ANNEX, HARPER'S Ferry, W. Va.; now open; reliable; large shady grounds; rates reasonable.

A. P. DANIEL, Proprietor. FOR RENT-FURNISHED-S HOURS FROM Washington—9-room cottage; celebrated medicinal water throughout; pretty grounds; near grove, awimming pools, hotel; \$250 for season. Apply my28-tf Box 105, Berkeley Springs, W. Va.

HILL TOP HOUSE. Among mountains. Table and appointments noted and first-class. Artesian water. Cool nights. Telegraph office and telephone. T. S. LOVETT, my1-tf,6 Harper's Ferry, W. Va.

AURORA HOUSE On top of the beautiful Alleghanies. Open June 15 to Nov. 1. Write for illustrated Booklet.
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je15-tf5

#### COUNTRY BOARD-

A FEW MORE BOARDERS WANTED FOR THE Springs, Va.; bath room and sulphur water fur-nished. Apply to J. W. HANBACK. au26-3t\* FOR SEPTEMBER, AT SHADY BROOK FARM, 29 miles out the Metropolitan R.R. (B. & O.); city refs. \$4 per week. Address Mrs. FLEET STALEY, Boyd's, Md. au26-3t\* WARREN WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, WATER-lick Sta., Va., E. D. Cullen & Sonr Props.—Vari-ety mineral waters; elevation 2,100 ft.; 1 mile from sta.; 4 mails daily; excellent table; \$25 per mo.; in cottages, \$15 per mo. au26-6t\* BOARDERS WANTED AT PLEASANT COUNTRY home; half mile from depot; good board; milk, fruit; terms, \$5 per week, \$20 a month. Mrs. M. E. HANSHEW, Germantown, Montgomery county, Md. HIGH SITUATION, FACING SOUTH; LARGE,

cool rooms; porcelain bath; hot and cold water; three minutes to electric cars; special rates for Sept. Address Box 86, East End, Va. au26-8t\* WAVERLEY; DESIRABLE COUNTRY HOME:

"RURAL HOMES ON WEST RIVER," NOW open. Nicely located on West river, in view of Chesapeake bay; 8 miles below Bay Ridge; good shade; large lawn; fishing, crabbing, rowing, saling; fruit in season. For descriptive circular address (Mrs.) MATILDA NOWELL, Shady Side, Md. 199-521-6

HEAP OF BUINS.

gents and Turks Captured and Retaken. NEW YORK, August 26.-The Jewish

Dispatches received last night from Mon-astir, European Turkey, say: The once beautiful city of Kruschevo is a heap of ruins. The women and children are home-less, exposed to the weather and famine. The town is rendered uninhabitable by the odor of corpses which are being gnawed by dogs and pigs, the Turkish authorities refusing to allow them to be rescued under the pretext that an inquest will be held. Kruschevo is situated on the summit of a hill, eight hours distant and to the northwest of Monastir. It contained 2,000 houses and 10,000 inhabitants, mostly Vlachs, calling themselves Greeks. There were only 100

poor Bulgarian houses.

The Vlachs are prosperous merchants who travel abroad on business, leaving their families in Kruschevo. After making fortunes abroad by their diligence and economy, they return to spend their wealth in Kruschevo, where they own fine houses, furniture and jewels. The Turkish inhabitants of the surrounuding villages have long envied the prosperity of Kruschevo.

Object of Insurgent Attack.

The Macedonian committee, in concert with Bulgarian bands, has been completing arrangements during several months with a view to occupying the town. In July last the authorities of Kruschevo, observing the threatening movement, begged the vali of Monastir to send reinforcements, as the garrison of thirty soldiers was insufficient to cope with an insurgent attack. These warnings were ignored.

On August 2, the day fixed for the Bulgarian attack on Kruschevo, while four marriages were being celebrated in the Greek Church, a number of Komitajis, by prearangement, remained hidden in the church, and were locked in by the sacristan on the conclusion of the ceremonies. At 10 o'clock at night they sounded an alarm by ringing the church bells. Simultaneously a band of three hundred insurgents, headed by Petroff, entered the town, discharging

Massacred Turkish Garrison.

The terrified inhabitants remained indoors. The band first burned the residence of the mudir and massacred the garrison of Turkish soldiers and the officials of the town, but the invaders spared the Turkish harems.

On the following morning the Komitajis established a provisional government. They killed ten Christians who they believed had betrayed the plans of the committee. The notables of the town were compelled to contribute \$10,000 to the revolutionary fund. The Bulgarian villagers in the neighbor-hood, hearing that Kruschevo was in the hands of the insurgents, entered the town and demanded ammunition, which, however, was unobtainable.

The provisional government constructed

a rampart inclosing the town, and the in-habitants were ordered to melt down their spoons to make bullets.

Turkish Troops Arrive.

The Turks, informed of the capture of the town, sent from Perlepe three squadrons of cavalry, which were attacked en route and compelled to retire, with a loss of 100 killed.

On August 13 the Turks concentrated seven battalions and one battery on Kruschevo. They made an offer to the Komita jis to allow the women and children to leave the town. This proposal was declined and the bombardment began.

Komitajis quickly abandoned the town and escaped to the neighboring forest, where pursuit was impossible. The Turks entered the town and, guided by Turkish villagers from the neighborhood, attacked the houses of the Greek notables and or-dered the inmates to be searched and stripped. They seized money and jewels and ravished women, those who resisted being immediately killed. A Greek priest who sought to protest his daughter was killed. The girl's earrings were torn out and her hand was chopped off to secure a bracelet. When the houses had been pillaged the Turkish peasants loaded their horses with whatever the soldiers left, and the dences were burned. The sack of Kruschevo lasted three days, during which time the women and children remained without food and shelter and at the mercy of the soldiers and the Bashi-Bazouks.

### Ratified by Costa Rica.

The State Department has been advised by the Costa Rican legation that the government of Costa Rica has ratified the convention for the practice of the liberal proessions, signed at the City of Mexico.

BEAUTIFUL MACEDONIAN CITY REPORT OF SECRETARY HAAS OF AMERICAN FEDERATION.

Scene of Bloody Battles Between Insur- Russian Minister Plehve Sends a Letter to Dr. Herzl Authorizing the Announcement.

> Daily News of this city has received the following dispatch from Jacob De Haas, secretary of the American Federation of Zionists, who is attending the Zionist congress now in session at Basel, Switzerland: "During a discussion regarding Dr. Herzl's statement that the Russian government would hereafter lighten the burder of the Jews and favor Zionism, and would allow it to be propagated in Russia, Prof. Richard Gottheil, president of the American Federation of Zionists, questioned Dr. Herzl in regard to his authority for making such a statement, and asked for some documentary proof of the accuracy of his informa-

Gave His Authority.

"The interpellation of Prof. Gottheil was seconded today by Cyrus Sulzberger, treasurer of the United Hebrew Charities of New York City, who insisted on the importance of the interviews which Dr. Herzl had recently at St. Petersburg with a number of prominent Russian officials, and asked whether the assurances which he had received were verbal or written. Dr. Herzl, in reply, presented the following communication from Minister Plehve to the Zionist congress:

" 'You have expressed the desire to retain proof of your interview with me. I agree to this willingly, in order to avoid all which might arouse exaggerated hopes or doubts and anxiety. I have had the occasion to make known to you the point of view from which the Russian government at the pres-ent moment regards Zionism. This point of view could very easily inspire it with the necessity of exchanging its policy of tolerance for measures dictated by its safeguarding of national interests.
"'So long as Zionism consisted in the de-

sire to create an independent state in Palestine and promised to organize the emigration in Russia of a certain number of its Jewish subjects, the Russian government could very well be favorable to it.

Cannot Favor Russian Concentration.

"'But from the moment that this principal object of Zionism is abandoned in order to be replaced by a simple propaganda of the national concentration of the Jews in Russia, it is natural that the government cannot in any case tolerate this new departure of Zionism. It would not have any other result than to create groups of individuals, perfect strangers to and even

hostile to the patriotic sentiments which constitute the strength of each state.

"This is why faith could not be placed in Zionism but on the condition that it return to its old program of action. It could in that case count upon moral and material support for certain of its practical measures which would serve to disc. tical measures, which would serve to di-minish the Jewish population in Russia. This support might consist in protecting the mandatories of the Zionists of the Ottoman government and in facilitating the work of emigration societies, and even in assisting these societies, evidently outside the resources of the state, by means of contributions levied on the Jews.

Czar's Attitude.

"'I think it necessaary to add that the Russian government is obliged to conform its manner of acting toward the Jewish question to the interests of the state, but it has nevertheless never deviated from its great moral principles and the interests of humanity. Quite recently, besides, it as enlaraged the rights of residence in the confines of the localities set apart for the Jewish population, and nothing prevents the hope that the development of these measures will serve to ameliorate the con-ditions of existence of the Russian Jews, specially if emigration diminishes their number.

Praises for Roosevelt. Mr. Sulzberger prefaced his remarks to

the congress, by referring to President Roosevelt's splendid action in voicing the respectful demands of the Jewish people of the United States. "Prof. Max Nordeau yesterday delivered

a magnificent address and received a great ovation. He advocated the acceptance of overtion. He suvocated the acceptance of the offer of the British government to provide land for the establishment of a Jewish colony in East Africa, and it is believed the executive committee will accept

-"I don't like to have a person I'm dealing with conceal anything from me, do He—'I certainly do. I'm a maker of wigs, you know."—Yonkers Statesman.

## KRUSCHEVO HORRORS CZAR FAVORS ZIONISTS THE STORY OF FATHER JOHN'S

An Interesting History of Fifty Years.

> In 1848 Rev. Father John O'Brien, a noble Mass., to do the Master's

Medical skill seemed unable to stay the progress consulted who gave Father John a prescription to as to build up and strengthen the body. The clergy-Carleton & Hovey, Lowell, Mass., the firm by whom Father John's Medicine is prepared. The soon disappeared, and his people rejoiced

Father John recommended the medicine to his arishioners and friends, and thousands were made well and strong by taking it. In getting this pre- tain three times the quantity of the 50-cent size.

scription they always called for "Father John's

benefit by its power to cure This old-fashioned, wholesome remedy is unequaled as a body builder and tonic. It restores health and strength to all run-down gentle laxative effect strengthens the stomach at from opium, morphine or polsonous drugs in any

nothing equals this prescription for coughs, colde, bronchitis, asthma, consumption and all throat and lung troubles. It has a most soothing and healing effect, and at the same time builds up the body and makes strength.

Sisters of Mercy, St. Patrick's Orphanage, Manchester, N. H., and many others, the names of which we shall be pleased to furnish upon application. When you ask your druggist for Father John's Medicine, remember that the \$1 bottles con

Jones refused to meet the Monitor after the first day's fight with her. After the Vir-ginia's prow was replaced and port covers put on subsequent to the memorable two days' fight she went to the vicinity of Fortress Monroe and took two merchant vessels from under the federal guns, and while she was there no vessel came out to show battle. During the battle a shell from the confederate Virginia struck the pilot house of the Monitor, badly damaging it and blinding her captain, J. L. Worden. The Monitor withdrew after the fight for repairs and did not show up again, though the Virginia, or Merrimac, was on hand the next day for battle. The statement from Commodore Ramsey that the Merrimac-Monitor fight was a drawn battle is correct, but it is certainly not correct that Admiral Buchanan or any other con-federate officer refused to meet the Moni-

Anacostia and Vicinity.

tor a second time.

A lawn fete, under the auspices of Electa Chapter, No. 2, Order of the Eastern Star, was held last evening on the grounds on Jefferson street above Monroe street. Attractions of various kinds were on the program, and there was a large attendance. The proceeds of the affair are to be used in the renovating of the meeting rooms in the Anacostia Masonic Hall.

Arrangements have been made whereby Rev. Joseph B. North, who was the first pastor of Garden Memorial Presbyterian Church, on Minnesota avenue, Anacostia, and who is now assigned to the Presbyterian Church at Snow Hill, Md., will conduct services at the local church Thursday evening next at 7:30 o'clock. He will also occupy the pulpit the following Sunday, at both the morning and the evening exer-

ant is a guest at the residence of Rev. Charles O. Isaac, the pastor of the Ana costia Methodist Episcopal Church.

relatives in Buffalo, N. Y ington street, Anacostia, are spending a number of weeks in Charles and St. Mary's counties, Md.

ress Heights Methodist Episcopal Church, s on a vacation in Virginia.
Officer T. L. Lusby yesterday returned rom leave and resumed his duty in the

street car several evenings ago. It was charged that Spriggs hurled a bottle of beer at the conductor, the beer flowing over passengers from the broken bottle.

Mr. C. F. Walson, the local inspector of

Miss Fannle Woolverton of Mount Pleas-

Capt. D. L. Pitcher of No. 142 Jackson street. Anacostia, has gone to Buffalo, N. Y., where he will participate in the reunion of his former regiment.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur C. Eno are visiting Mr. Benjamin Bailey and family of Wash-

Rev. E. E. Fisher, the pastor of the Con-

Hillsdale territory. Twenty dollars was the sum exacted as collateral from Joseph Spriggs, a Hillsdale citizen, at the Anacostia police station last evening on a charge of being disorderly on a

roads in this section, who has been ill a number of times within recent months, is again reported on the sick list,

# The Mystery of Fourways. BY FLORENCE WARDEN, Author of "The House on the Marsh." (Copyright, 1899, by Mrs. Florence James.)

## CHAPTER VIL

from John Mercer's hand.

did you see that?" But the landlord was conveniently blind. He had seen nothing, so he said, though his

rection during the occurrence. John Mercer shrugged his great shoulders, and laughed with his irritating air of superiority.

"You're hardly in a state, Treveddoe, said he, "to notice how things are done, or perhaps to read letters an inch long." Nigel looked at him sharply with his

blurred eyes. "What do you fare to mean by that?" asked he, surlily. "Only that the letters outside your pocket book ain't the initials of your name," re-

torted John loudly. "They're 'H. C.,' not 'N. T. Unless you've been and taken an alias." "The pocket book," answered Nigel, sober ly enough, as if he had had a fright, "was

given to me by a friend." John hardly tried to conceal his incre-"Oh," said he, "given you by a friend, was it? The same friend, may be, that was so obliging as to leave his horse and trap with you? The friend who seemed to be

nigh to having 'the jumps' when he was at the Bull and Mouth last Thursday? Just in the moed to be too generous, the poor chap was; and I s'pose you took advantage of the fact, ch? to let him have his own way and deal with you handsome?" Insulting as were both Mercer's words and tone, Treveddoe, flery as he had the reputation of being, did not resent them. In a rather dull and confused way he seemed to have grown conscious that he had need of caution. Leaving John's taunt un

turned to the farmer and asked him to have drink with him.

friends of yours, with his pleasant habit of distributing traps and pocket books, why, then you'll find us all—Mr. Rede and me and Miss Piety and everybody-ready to be Indifferent to the rest of the speech, Nigel grew suddenly alert and sober at the

then, in a most mild and steady voice, asked Mercer to speak with him a word out-

was offended.
This sudden change to meekness in him could bear but one interpretation—he felt the terrible truth of Mercer's taunts, and he was afraid of the man who uttered them; for John, on his side, good-humored

So that, when Nigel led the way out by a side door into the garden, and, passing through it at a leisurely pace, disappeared behind the yew hedge into the meadow b yond, the spectators looked at each other

watched squandering his money and leering half stupidly at Nan Philpot and her companions, John Mercer saw a man who looked as sober as himself, with eyes aflame indeed, but with something more potent than the liquor of the Green Man.

Nigel turned abruptly, when he had got a little way into the meadow, so that the noisy folk behind the yew hedge might lose the sound of his words in their own tumultuous voices. As Mercer came up he eyed him steadily, looking up with fierce defiance in his dark face at the blue-eyed,

me, John Mercer!" said he, as they measured each other eye to eye. "And maybe you're right. I don't set such great store you're right. I don't set such great store
by myself, nor p'raps I haven't no cause
to. But I'd be sorry for to disgrace myself as you've just done, and as what I
mean to make you pay for."
"Disgrace, eh?" sang out John, in his
deep, jolly, undisturbed voice. "That's
what you think of my telling you the truth,
I s'pose? And pray how do you mean to

I s'pose? And pray how do you mean to make me pay for it?" He thought he was on his guard. But

of his intention. of his intention.

"That way!" growled Nigel, savagely, as he struck the blow.

Jack Mercer sprang back with an oath.

"You dare, you little miserable whipper-snapper, you blackguard, you thief; you dare to call me to account for telling what I think of you!" you what I think of you!"
"Not for that. I don't care a hang what

his face. "It's for daring to mention a name you did in a place like yon!" And he pointed with a finger which had become for the moment rather unsteady toward the Green Man.

John Mercer thrust his thumbs into the

what do you think now?"

And as he uttered the words he once

movements were slow and heavy, compared with those of the shorter, slighter man. Before he knew what had happened his stick was snatched away from him, broken into three or four pieces, and flung a dozen yards away. "Come," said Nigel, not loudly, but in

a gutteral voice of passion, speaking between clenched teeth, "you must fight me fair. You can't say I'm too drunk now!"

Mercer flung off his coat and waistcoat without a word; and, almost in dead silence, with lowering faces and tightset teeth they went for each other like demons. But it was an unequal contest. From the very first blow it was evident that the ponder ous Mercer with his heavy fist and slow, sledge-hammer style, was no match for his lithe opponent. Much to his own amaze-ment and not until he had made a good fight of it. Mercer presently found himself lying on his back on the trampled grass of the meadow, enjoying the odd conscious-ness that he had been thoroughly beaten

by the man he had despised. by the man he had despised.

It did not add to his satisfaction that Farmer Rede, who had been watching the fray from the hedge, came promptly forwardand helped him to rise, with amazement and consternation on his face.

"I—I slipped on the d—d grass!" explained Mercer, trying to speak with his customary good humor, as he scrambled to his fact. to his feet

But Farmer Rede took, unluckily, a less

flattering view.
"The little 'un's a precious scoundrel, I "The little 'un's a precious scoundrel, I dare say!" was his comment, as he cast a half-admiring look at the conqueror; "but he's main clever with his fists!"

Meanwhile, some rumor, some inkling of what had happened had somehow got through to the revelers of the Green Man, and a stream of curious ones had begun to pour through the little lattice gate in the tall yew hedge, and to surround Nigel, who was very quietly wiping the blood from a

was very quietly wiping the blood from a cut on his own face administered by his antagonist. Not one word relative to what had passed could they get out of him, however. Stridcould they get out of him, however. Striding quickly through the gathering throng, he passed close to the farmer and John Mercer, and, wishing them a civil "Good night," as if nothing had happened, to which they answered rather tardily, and rather lamely, he ran across the field, more like the conquered than the conqueror, and, leaping the heage where there was a convenient gap, made straight for his home at Fourways without so much as a thought of the famous horse and trap which had been the object of so much discussion.

### CHAPTER VIII.

What the crowd at the Green Man heard of the contest was not exactly truth. But what Piety, her mother and the aunt Faith heard of it when the farmer returned home that night, alone, and explained that John Mercer had gone back to Carstairs was not the truth at all.

cally Nigel, who was certainly something of a prodigal, and in all probability something of a thief, had avenged what he conmore struck the big man's face with his hand, in spite of an attempt the other made to avoid this second affront.

By this time Mercer's blood was up, and in another moment he had made an attempt to seize Nigel by the coat collar with one hard while he raised the had.

listened to the shocked comments of Aunt Faith and his wife. "On a Sunday, too!" "At the Green Man!" "What a thing for a man like him to be mixed up in!" And he looked at Piety, who said nothing, but kept her back turned to the others.
"However," he said at last, when there was a lull in the storm of comment, "we

"Father!" burst indignantly from Piety's as sorry as any one could be that a young

"But, father, you know why-why, if he did itthe girl, thus letting fall the first hint of her tenderness for the disgraced man. Her mother and Aunt Faith were shocked

wouldn't go and demean yourself by fending a thief, would you?" cried her mother, almost piteously, Aunt Faith was still more vehement.
"If I thought," cried she, shrilly, "that
my niece had a hankering of kindness for a man that ought to be in prison, why, I'd never forgive myself that I'd stood god-

mother to her, that I wouldn't!" Her father was less harsh. He silenced for a few moments the chattering women folk and asked his daughter, very gently:

to show himself on the same level as-as At this point Aunt Faith again began to clamor and to exclaim, but her brother kept

her comparatively quiet, with an imperi-ous gesture of the hand.

"So you see, father, if—if anything was to go wrong with him—even more wrong than has happened already," and her voice grew plaintive and tearful, "why I should feel that I was to blame for it, in some way, and I should never forgive myself."

The last words were uttered in a whisper, close to her father's ear, for the girl had sunk down on her knees close beside his armebalr.

He tilted his cap a little, as a stiff salutation, but did not speak. She grew rather frightened. "I-I want to speak to you. I-I want to

shown himself well behaved before ever being put in his proper place; but he's always dodging about the village, aye, and he's been at it for ever so long, when Mr. Mercer's up there to tea. Playing the reg'lar spy, that's what I call it! And, like enough, ready to do him a mischief, coming at him from behind a hedge with a thick stick, one of these days, like the coward he is!" she He made a movement as if about to lose his balance and fall down, uttering a short, hoarse laugh as he did so. She stepped back a little.

> though his tone caused hers to become very dignified and even cold; "though I don's suppose, in the state you're in, it will make much difference what I say."
>
> Nigel drew himself up quickly.
>
> "What do you mean—the state I'm in?" said he sullenly. "I'm not drunk, if that's what you mean. See here"—and he picked up a stone from the road—"you see the birdi atop of that weather cock? Well, if I hithim, you'll have to say I'm sober, won't him, you'll have to say I'm sober,

So saying, he took aim, and hit the gilt ornament at the top of the vane with the

hurry to do that, ain't I?"

But under his jeering tone Piety was able to detect so much real suffering that his mocking words did not offend her. Coming a step nearer again, so that she could spea

you which have made my heart ache!"
He interrupted her sharply,
"Who's been a-saying them? Mercera
your swell lover, I s'pose?"
"Never mind who it was, I want you to
know what it was." "Well, you needn't tell me that, because I know," he broke in, with a reckless tone, looking at her with an expression in his dark eyes which out her to the quick, implying as it did, that there was a barrier between them now—of suspicion and mistraed

which passed the Jolly Bailor's Inn. Outside this tiny house, with its ancient low door and step downward into a bar wormeaten with age, she saw Nigel. He was leaning against the wall, with his hands in his pockets, his pipe in his mouth, his head bent and his cap—his peaked fisherman's cap—drawn low over his eyes.

Plety's heart leapt up as she noted that he wore his old blue jersey instead of the flashy clothes in which she had lately seen him. But she thought he looked as if he had been drinking, and it was with some hesitation that she dismounted from her blcycle and came slowly up, wheeling it beside her.

He had seen her long before this, but he had not moved.

Undeterred by this from her mission of kindness, Plety, with her heart beating violently, stopped only a few feet away from him.

"Nigel, don't!" what?" "Don't talk as if I were your—enemy! It's out of friendliness, for the sake of our old friendship, I'm come to warn you—that—they've set the police after you!" She would have gone past after that, ungable to bear the sight of her old friend and comrade in his present hard, defiant mood. But the way in which he took her stated ment alarmed her-startled her so much that she checked herself as she was about to mount her machine.

For it seemed to her that his dark face grew livid, and that the glow and color ward and repeated in a hoarse voice, "The podice." Then, with a furtive glance round him, as if he felt that he was already shadowed, he saluted her and with a brief "Thank you—for telling me, thank you." so low, so earnest, that it cut her to the heart. He turned away and walked rapidly

#### MONITOR-MERRIMAC FIGHT. Criticism of the Recent Statements of Commodore Ramsey, C. S. N. ecial Correspondence of The Evening Star. NORFOLK, Va., August 25, 1903. Virginia newspapers have been discussing a news item which appeared in the

Cleveland press last week. It quoted Commodore Henry Ashton Ramsey of Baltimore, who ran the engines of the confederate ironclad Virginia (Merrimac) in the memorable battle with the Monitor in Hampton Roads during the civil war, as saying: "Northern historians have made it appear that the Merrimac was worsted in her fight with the Monitor. Such is by no means the case. At the least it was a drawn battle. After the first day's fight Admiral Buchanan steamed into the harbor of Norfolk and, against the wishes of his officers, refused to meet the Monitor It is thought that Commodore Ramsey, who was chief engineer of the Virginia, or Merrimac, during the Hampton Roads fight, must have been misquoted. While the engines of the celebrated confederate

States frigate Merrimac, burned at the Norfolk navy yard when the federals evacuated the yard early in the war, was designed by Constructor Porter of Portsmouth, Va. It was built under his supervision as the confederate ram or iron-clad Virginia, as she was known by the confederates from the time she left Norfolk to do battle with the formidable federal fleet in Hampton Roads until she was destroyed by dynamite by her own crew, so that the federals could not have possession of the first ironclad man-of-war known to the world. During the day previous to the fight with the Monitor the Virginia, or Merri-mac, met the entire federal fleet in Hampton Roads, and there was a great destruction of naval vessels and consequent loss of life. The big wooden cruisers Congress and Cumberland were destroyed, together

ship were built by Ramsey, the vessel, which was built on the hull of the United

with other smaller vessels.

On the Congress the confederate Admiral Buchanan's own brother was a federal paymaster. Buchanan knew that his brothe was on the ship, but he gave orders that the Congress should be destroyed at all hazards, and the vessel having taken to shoal water hot shot were fired into her until the big ship burned up. Admiral Buchanan's brother was not lost. The Cumberland was rammed and sunk,

and afterward the Virginia, or Merrimac, put back toward Norfolk for the night. Dur-ing the battle Admiral Buchanan was shot in the leg by a sharpshooter from Newport News, and during the battle the next day with the Monitor the admiral, instead of being on the confederate iron-lad, was in the naval hospital at Portsmouth, his leg amputated. The Merrimac-Monitor fight took place on Sunday and Lieut. Catesby Jones, her executive officer, was

Neither Admiral Buchanan nor Lieut.

in command in place of the wounded ad-

-warn you."

above being tempted!" cried she, indig-nantly. "And it's not as if this Nigel had himself well behaved before ever be-

> "Got a Sunday school lecture for me, Miss Rede?" he asked, with an uneasy attempt at a jeering tone. "You'd better make haste with it, for there's somebody at home waiting for you, somebody you're very anxious to see."

His tone grew savage and bitter as he "I'm not so anxious to see anybody just now as you," answered Plety, firmly, though his tone caused hers to become very

"I see," said Plety, as cool as before. "Then you were only pretending to frighten me away." "O, yes, if you like. I'm always in such a

in a low voice, the said quickly:
"Nigel, they've been saying things about

plying as it did, that there was a barrier between them now—of suspicion and mistrust
on his side, of alcofness on hers—which
would never be bridged over, "They—that
is—Mercer has told you I'm a thief, eh?
That I'm spending money that's not my
own, eh? Come, out with it! There's no
need, you know, to make much of a mouth—
ful of it with such as me!"
Piety drew a sharp breath of pain.
"Nigel, don't!" whispered she.
"Don't what?"

"Thank you-for telling me, thank you," so low, so earnest, that it cut her to the heart. He turned away and walked rapidly

Nigel drew himself up, pulled himself together, and snatched the pocket book rudely "What do you mean by your apologies," he asked, roughly, "when you knocked it out of my hand a-purpose? Here, landlord, cordingly eyes had certainly been turned in that dicivil, but not before.'

> The bystanders were all surprised. Nigel Treveddoe had been little known to hangers-on at bars until three days ago; but he had held a definite reputation in the neighborhood as a fiery-tempered fellow, with whom it was a word and a blow when he

> as he habitually was, bore the character of a hard one to tackle, and was respected ac-

yond, the spectators looked at each other and nodded, and sald: "Yon chap knowed as he'd best knuckle under and make it right wi' Jack Mercer!" And when Mercer, accepting Nigel's invitation with calm condescension, followed him out by the door, and down the steps, and across the bowling green, past the little summer houses where the earwigs lived, more than one man about the bar wagged his head and expressed the opinion that "Treveddoe was a-goin' to get it hot, he was!"

And that was what John himself thought. And that was what John himself thought,

"Not now, thankee, Nigel," he said, coldly. "Another time, perhaps."

John Mercer, with the obtuseness of his particular type of wits, thought he detected cowardice in this attempt of Nigel's to divert the current of the bystanders' thoughts, and was ready with a jibe acceptable. "When you've introduc." as all to this

mention of Piety's name. Withdrawing his elbow from the bar, to the support of

which he had been so far trusting, he stood upright, kept silence for a moment, and

opinion that he followed Mercer at a little distance to see fair play, and to make sure that the big man took no unfair advantage of his superior size and strength and of Nigel's condition. For that the irritated feeling between them might lead to blows, he, knowing more than any one present of the chief cause of it, felt pretty

Neither the farmer nor Mercer, however, was prepared for the change which a few minutes had made in the look and bearing of Nigel Treveddoe. Instead of the lounging, restless bar loafer whom they had

"You think yourself a better man than

he had miscalculated the agility of the now thoroughly sobered man. With the speed of a lightning flash Nigel had leaped forward and struck the bigger man a blow across the face with the back of his hand before the other had had the least warning

you think of me, nor what you say," hissed out Nigel, with a black frown on

pockets of his black waistcoat, and laughed scornfully in his deep bass voice.

"Ha, ha!" cried he, "this is a good joke, by George! that I'm to be brought to book by George! that I'm to be brought to book by a fellow like you for naming Miss Rede or any other girl when and where I choose. Why, lad, you must be clean daft to take so much upon your elf, even when you're boozed! If you weren't too drunk to know well what you're doing or what you're saying I'd just take off my coat and give you a jolly good thrashing."

"Drunk, am I?" said Nigel fiercely. "Well, what do you think now?"

For it was by no means Mr. Rede's inten tion to let his daughter know how the ras-

discovered initials which were not his upon with one hand, while he raised the heavy stick he carried with the other, in the endeavor to carry out his threat. But his discovered initials which were not his upon the pocket book full of money that Nigel deavor to carry out his threat. But his

open, and it served him right, and had run away home. So much the farmer told, leaving it to be inferred that Mercer had got the best of a fight which had been disgraceful to the guilty Nigel. When Mr. Rede had finished his story he

sha'n't hear much more of that young feller and his scandalous doings. For Mercer's going straight to the police station to give information about that there pocket book."

"Well, my dear," said he, shaking his head sagely, but a little uneasily, too, "I'm chap we've known so long should turn out so ill. But justice is justice, you know, and fair play's fair play. If the fellow's innocent let he prove it, and have done with all our bad feelings about him. But if he's guilty-why, even you must own he ought to be punished. For theft is theft, my girl,

in the extreme at this disclosure. "Why, sure, Plety, a well-bloggist application, which was a sure of the sure o "Why, sure, Plety, a well-brought-up girl

"Why, Piety, what do you mean by that that he did it for you?" —that he did it for you?"

She had come, at the invitation of his outstretched hand, to the side of his chair, and she answered at once, in a low, shame-faced tone, as if she wished her words to be heard only by his sympathetic ears:

"Why, father, you know he felt being always put on one side for a man who was richer than him," said she, softly. "So—so I can't help feeling that perhaps—perhaps a temptation came in his way, and—and it was too much for him, a temptation to show himself on the same level as—as

Aunt Faith could contain herself no longer.
"A pretty doctrine, indeed, that a man's thought of that can't stand

of these days, like the coward he is!" she wound up, panting for breath.

Farmer Rede scratched his head reflectively. Then he shook it gently.

"Treveddoe's no coward," he admitted, in Plety gave his arm a surreptitious squeeze of gratitude.

"If he gets out of this mess and pulls himself round," went on the farmer, "no one won't be more pleased than me. But at the same time, Plety," and he gave her a warning look, "if he's done as wrong as what we think, why, he'll have to pay for it—same as other people have to do." it—same as other people have to do."
She heard him in grateful silence, and acquiesced by a bend of the head. Then, in order to escape more of her aunt's unsym-

pathetic comments, she hastily sprang up, bade them all good night and hurried up to him, her own little room at the corner of the you?" house, with the dormer window looking out among the branches of the cherry trees.

She could not sleep for thinking of poor Nigel and the dangers which threatened him. By all accounts he was going down the hill in a state of utter recklessness, without a thought of the risks he was running by his own folly. Folly—she could not use a harsher name for his misdoings. But when she recalled her father's words and reflected that her old friend might be in the hands of the police within another twenty-four hours, her fears grew so acute that she resolved, at all hazards, to find him out and to speak to him a word of

low voice.

reckless and wicked as he seemed to have grown; perhaps he would yield to her en-treaties, check himself in time and by a timely act of confession, or reparation, avert the awful consequences he was drawing down upon his head.

With this resolution fixed in her mind Plety finally fell to sleep.
She had to go to her work at Carstairs early in the morning, and it was past 7 before she reached home at night. She 

Perhaps he would listen to her, wild and